

THE LITERARY CASKET:

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

VOL. I.

HARTFORD, (CON.) SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1826.

NO. 11.

THE LITERARY CASKET.

Devoted to Literature, the Arts and Sciences.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, BY

BENJAMIN H. NORTON AND JOHN RUSSELL,

At No. 3, Central-Row, Hartford.

Terms—Two DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance or \$2.25, half yearly.

THE REFLECTOR.

Uncertain is the tenure of life.—Those who now experience the loss of a companion that but yesterday like them was vigorous and hopeful; who were called to view the lifeless remains, the solemn mournful procession, and consign to the tomb a partner and friend; have reason awfully to pause and seriously to reflect, that whatever may be their present condition—however health may invigorate, their fortune smile, and worldly pleasures with pleasing aspect promise long enjoyment, to-morrow may behold them, swept as a flower before the hand of death—their youth, their beauty, wealth and worldly pleasure, “buried in one common grave”—their spirit where?—Their conduct must determine. An hour may change the scene, and a death bed prove the pleasures of the world to be but glittering vanity, which, disposed before the mirror of truth—without virtue—a chaos of darkness and fearful remorse ensue. Serenity and peace attend the virtuous. Temperate are their pleasures; innocent and exhilarating their amusements; their employments rational and useful. Gliding on in an even tenor, their lives are contented and comparatively happy; and their end glorious. View the dying Christian! Cheerful and serenely happy he yields his breath, and in his Saviour's arms, his soul reposes in the sure hope of glorious immortality. “Vast are the works of the Almighty!”—Sublimely beautiful the appearance of the Heavens! “Orderly is nature in her course!” and wonderful the structure of the earth! More vast—more beautiful—far more transcendently glorious is true virtue in its operations and effects! More valuable than the “gale of Ophur” is religion and more to be prized than the plaudits of mercenary millions, is the testimony of an approving conscience.

Who can reflect without being appalled, on that awful and tremendous moment, when the grave shall give up their dead, and every human being shall be summoned before the throne of the Most High, to answer for every action of their lives to their Judge and their Saviour? The pious man—and the truly sincere follower of the cross of Christ. What an inducement then, is this, to live soberly and righteously, that our end may be calm, and our resignation without fear.

None can sincerely believe in the truth of the Sacred Writings, who do not endeavour to conform their lives according to the recommendations contained in them. Whoever will endeavor to do so, will, always succeed, if they please.

No dependence can or ought to be placed on the oath of that man who is continually invoking the sacred name of his creator, upon every trivial occasion; and that too, perhaps, admits the most riotous debaucheries, or scenes which are a disgrace to society.

Whenever a man speaks triflingly or lightly of Religion, or of public worship, he is not to be trusted; for the sanctity of an oath will be, by him, regarded as nothing, and an appeal to the Almighty as a witness to the truth, will be viewed as a ceremony without sense or import.

Men take more pains for this world than heaven would cost them; and when they have what they would aim at, don't live to enjoy it. The grave lies unseen between us and the object we reach after.—Where one lives to enjoy what he has in view, ten thousand are cut off in the pursuit of it.

A man who is proud of his property, will sometimes call himself poor, that you may soothe his fancy by contradicting him. A great beauty will likewise pretend to believe that she makes an ordinary appearance: and

*“In hopes of contradiction, oft will say,
‘Methinks I look most horribly to-day.’”*

Sincerity, is to speak as we think; to do as we pretend and profess; to perform and make good what we promise; and really to be what we would seem, and appear to be. Hypocrisy is the reverse of all this—A sincere man ought to be respected; a hypocrite despised.

To provoke a person whom you would convince, not only rouses his anger, and sets him against your doctrine, but it directs his resentment against your person, as well as against all your instructions and arguments. You must treat an opponent like a friend, if you would persuade him to learn any thing from you.

The noblest part of a friend, said old Feltham, is an honest boldness in the notifying of errors. He that tells me of a fault, aiming at my good, I must think him wise and faithful—wise in spying that which I see not, faithful in a plain admonishment, not tainted with flattery.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Rev. PHINEAS FISK was the son of Dr. John Fisk, and was born at Milford, Conn., 1683. His father appears to have been the son of the Rev. John Fisk, of Chelmsford Mass., [see Elliot's Biography,] who, as is frequently the case in the early history of New England, was both a Clergyman and a Physician. While the infant seminary of Yale College remained at Killingworth, under the immediate charge of the Rev. Abraham Pierson, the first president or rector, PHINEAS FISK, in company with David Elliot, who was subsequently distinguished as a Clergyman and a Physician, Jonathan Dick-

enson, who was afterwards president of the College of Nassau-Hall, with several others, pursued their academical studies in that town. Hewas graduated in 1704. In 1706, the College being removed to Saybrook, he was appointed Tutor and continued in that situation till 1713. During these seven years, he was the principal instructor, and had almost the superintendence of the institution; since, after the decease of Mr. Pierson, in 1707, the Rev. Samuel Andrew, of Milford the temporary rector, did not reside at Saybrook, and consequently could have only a nominal presidency. Under his tuition about forty students received their education, and the school first assumed the form and regularity of a College. Dr. Stiles used to mention him as a very able instructor, and considered the institution as much indebted to his abilities and exertions. Among his most distinguished pupils, was the Rev. Samuel Johnson, D. D., first president of the College of New-York. In 1714 he was settled as the minister of Haddam, where he died Oct. 17th, 1738.

Mr. Fisk was possessed of quite a philosophical turn of mind, was a good mathematician, and an excellent linguist. He spoke Latin very fluently, and as was the custom of that day, when he met with professed scholars who introduced any philosophical or literary subjects for discussion, he always preferred conversing in that language, which upon such topics was the most familiar to him. Judging from the remains of his library, his reading must have been very extensive; and from the various opposite tenets of the different authors, he was in the habit of reading *both sides* upon controversial questions. He was a very modest man, and had a great aversion to appearing before the public as an author. He left a valuable common-place book, which contained many curious extracts with original remarks of his own, and several manuscripts; but it is not known that he ever published any thing, except a sermon preached before the Legislature at the General Election at Hartford.

He was descended from medical ancestors, and in company with many of his clerical brethren of his day, practised medicine himself, and was distinguished as a physician, more particularly for his skill in treating insanity and epilepsy. The attention of his family had been especially turned to the latter disease, from the circumstance of one of his brothers being subject to it; and both his father and himself, though the case of his brother proved to be incurable, made themselves better acquainted with the complaint, and treated it with greater success, than any of their cotemporary physicians. It does not appear that either his father or he made any mystery of their treatment; yet one of his recipes was long employed as a nostrum by some of his descendents. His general treatment of

epilepsy, consisted in making a strong impression upon the stomach and alimentary canal, by a preparation of antimony; this, he afterwards followed by a free use of castor, assafetida, and other anti-spasmodics; and he completed the cure by a persevering course of iron. [See the Catalogue of Yale College, and Field's Statistical account of the county of Middlesex, Connecticut.]—*Medical Intelligencer.*

SCIENTIFIC.

The Members of the Royal Institution of Great Britain hold their meetings every Friday evening during the season. We make the following extracts from an interesting summary of proceedings, published in the April number of *A Journal of Science and the Arts.*

Friday, Feb. 10th. This evening the results obtained by Mr. Brunel during three years of exertion in endeavouring to apply the liquids resulting from the condensation of the gases as mechanical agents, were brought forward by Mr. Faraday in the lecture-room, and illustrated by drawings from Mr. Brunel's office. That the gases had been condensed in the laboratory of the Institution, had been before stated to the members, and the general process and results were again briefly referred to. Mr. Brunel selected carbonic acid as the substance best adapted for the important purposes to which he wished to apply it, namely, the construction of an engine which should rival in power and utility the steam engine. His experiments have thus far been directed to an investigation of the powers of the agent, and the results were very favourable. The elasticity of the vapour was found to equal 60 atmospheres at 50 deg. and 150 atmospheres at 90 deg. He had been able ultimately to make the junctions of his apparatus perfectly tight at these high pressures, had produced quantities of liquid carbonic acid, amounting to a pint and a half, and further, had been able so to arrange his apparatus as to confine the substance even at the highest temperature by tubes 1/30th of an inch in thickness, combining perfect security with the power of readily increasing or diminishing the temperature of the liquid. Having obtained the most satisfactory results with the first apparatus, an engine is now in progress which is to have in the working cylinder, a piston of six inches diameter, and of four feet stroke.

As an illustration of the power of the agent, certain glass tubes upon the table, containing portions of carbonic acid, were referred to; they were about eight inches long, and 0.3 of an inch in diameter; the pressure upon their internal surface equalled 8000 lbs.—Notwithstanding this power, not a single accident has happened in Mr. Brunel's experiments.

Friday, Feb. 17th. On this evening Mr. T. Griffiths' experiments relative to the state of the alkali in glass, were illustrated in the Library. Glass being pulverised in a clean wedge-wood mortar, and placed in a little heap on the tumeric paper, was moistened with pure water, and in consequence of the action of the water on glass, an alkaline was immediately produced, which deeply stained the tumeric paper. This decomposition of the glass is entirely superficial, and glass powder, which by repeated washing had lost this property, regained it by the production of fresh surfaces, by further pulverization.

Mr. Cornelius Varley was also present with his microscope, which is peculiar in the facility with which the object is moved and brought into the focus of the lens. The instrument was a single microscope, and the facility with which the adjustments could be made, was shown by the ease with which all the motions of a smaller water insect could be followed. Mr. Varley also had a lens, unique in its kind, being made out of a diamond, and which was shewn to have very high powers. In consequence of a flaw in the interior of the diamond not discovered or discoverable till some months' labour had been given to it, it was not finished; but the operations are to be renewed on a fresh gem.

Friday, Feb. 24th. Mr. C. Varley explained in the lecture room the nature and construction of his graphic telescope, in an instrument intended to perform the offices of that beautiful invention the *cameræ lucida*, at the same time that it permits of using magnifying power,

ers, and consequently, of drawing or sketching objects at a distance too small or too confused to be appreciated by the naked eye. The various difficulties which occurred, and the manner in which they were overcome, were stated, and the powers of the instrument afterwards illustrated in the library, by being directed to objects present, and by numerous drawings made with it.

Friday, March 3d. The subject for illustration this evening was *Lithography.* Mr. Hullmandell, of Great Marlborough street, sent numerous specimens of the different styles producible by this art, and was good enough also, to furnish stones in various states, to etch and print from them in the lecture room, and also to transfer writing from paper to stone; whilst the nature of the materials employed, and the general theory of the processes were explained, by Mr. Faraday. The general process consists in drawing the design upon the stone with a soapy chalk, in decomposing this soapy design by an acid which, liberating the fatty matter present, greases the stone where the design existed, or rather brings into such a state that being wetted and then rolled with the ink roller, no ink will adhere except to the parts underneath the original design. The peculiar power of the stone, which, though wet all over, will adhere to the ink in these parts only, and in such quantity as to preserve perfectly the keeping of the drawing, was pointed out, and the various styles illustrated. These are

Chalk drawing; including *dabbing.*

Pen and ink drawing.

Engraving on the stone.

Transfers, either from a writing or drawing, or from impressions taken from copper-plates, engraved blocks, &c.

Numerous fine impressions of each style were afterwards exhibited and explained by Mr. Hullmandell.

Colossal Sponge Discovered at Singapore.

A production has been discovered in the Island of Singapore, lately inhabited by the English, which has been considered as a marine plant, and by the Indians called *soungé*. It has the form of a cup, or rather of a goblet, supported by a cylindrical foot expanded at the base, and attached to the soil of the shore by an irregular expansion. It is composed of tubes or cellules of various diameters, the apertures being covered with radiated cotton-like fibres. The circumference of the cup at the upper part is 4 feet 3 inches; at the middle it is three feet 1 inch, and at the bottom only 22 inches and a half; the circumference of the stem at the foot is 17 inches. The cavity of this singular vase can contain 36 quarts. Colonel Hardwicke has ascertained that this production is a sponge formed by marine animals, and analogous to that which is described in the *Warnerian Transactions*, under the name of *scypha*, with the exception of difference in dimension. This sponge is not flexible like the officinal species, and the name of *spongia patera* has been proposed for it.

THE TRAVELLER.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

Or a scene in Virginia.—On a lovely morning towards the close of spring I found myself in a very beautiful part of the Great Valley of Virginia. Spurred onward by impatience, I beheld the sun rising in splendour, and changing the blue tints on the tops of the lofty Alleghany mountains into streams of the purest gold, and nature seemed to smile in the freshness of beauty. A ride of about fifteen miles and a pleasant woodland ramble of about two bro't myself and companion to the great *Natural Bridge.*

Although I had been anxiously looking forward to this time, and my mind had been considerably excited by expectation, yet I was not altogether prepared for the visit. This great work of nature is considered by many as the second great curiosity of our country. Niagara Falls being the first. I do not expect to convey

a very correct idea of this bridge, for no description can do this.

The Natural Bridge is entirely the work of God. It is of solid limestone and connects two huge mountains together by a most beautiful arch over which there is a great wagon road. Its length from one mountain to the other is nearly eighty feet its width about thirty-five, its thickness about forty-five, and its perpendicular height over the water is not far from two hundred and twenty feet. A few bushes grow on its top, by which the traveller may hold himself as he looks over. On each side of the stream, and near the bridge, are rocks projecting ten or fifteen feet over the water, and from two hundred to three hundred feet from its surface, all of limestone. The visiter cannot give so good a description of this bridge as he can of his feelings at the time. He softly creeps out on a shaggy, projecting rock, and looking down a chasm of from forty to sixty feet wide, he sees, nearly three hundred feet below, a wild stream dashing against the rocks beneath, as if terrified at the rocks above. The stream is called Cedar-Creek. The visiter here sees trees under the arch, whose height is seventy feet, and yet to look down upon them they appear like small bushes of perhaps two or three feet in height. I saw several birds fly under the arch and they looked like insects. I threw down a stone, and counted thirty-four before it reached the water. All hear of heights, but they here see what is high and tremble, and feel it to be deep. The awful rocks present their everlasting abutments, the water murmurs and foams far below, and the two mountains rear their proud heads on each side, separated by a channel of sublimity. Those who view the sun, the moon, and the stars, and allow that none but God could make them, will here be impressed, that none but an Almighty God could build a bridge like this.

The view of the bridge from below, is pleasing as the top is awful. The arch from beneath would seem to be about two feet in thickness. Some idea of the distance, from the top to the bottom, may be formed, from the fact, that when I stood on the bridge, and my companion beneath, neither of us could speak with sufficient loudness to be heard by the other. A man from either view does not appear more than four or five inches in height. As we stood under the beautiful arch, we saw the place where visitors have often taken the pains to engrave their names upon the rock. Here Washington climbed up twenty-five feet, and carved his own name, where it still remains. Some wishing to immortalize their names, have engraved them deep and large, while others have tried to climb up and insert them high in the book of fame.

A few years since, a young man being ambitious to place his name above all others, came very near losing his life in the attempt. After much fatigue, he climbed up as high as possible, but finding the person that had before occupied his place was taller than himself, and consequently had placed his name above his reach. But he was not to be discouraged. He opened a large jack knife, and in the soft lime stone, began to cut places for his hands and feet. With much patience and difficulty he worked his way upwards, and succeeded in carving his name higher than the most ambitious had done before him. He could now triumph, but his triumph was short, for he was placed in such a situation that it was impossible to descend unless he fell upon ragged rocks beneath him. There was no house near from which his companions could get assistance. He could not remain in that condition; what was worse his friends were too much frightened to do any thing for his relief. They looked upon him as already dead, expecting every moment to see him precipitated upon the rocks below, and dashed to pieces. Not so with himself. He determined to ascend. Accordingly he plied himself with his knife, cutting places for his hands and feet, and gradually ascended with incredible labour. He exerted every muscle. His life was at stake and all the terrors of death rose before him. He dared not look downwards, lest his head should become dizzy, and perhaps on this circumstance his life depended. His companions stood at the top of the rocks, exhorting and encouraging him. His strength was almost exhausted, but a bare possibility of saving his life still remained; and hope, the last friend of the distressed, had not yet forsaken him. His course upwards was rather obliquely than perpendicular. His most critical moment had now arrived. He had ascended more than two hundred feet, and had still further to rise, when he felt himself fast growing weak. He thought

of his friends and all his earthly joys, and he could not leave them. He thought of the grave and dared not meet it. He now made his last effort, and succeeded. He cut his way not far from two hundred and fifty feet from the water, in a course almost perpendicular; and in little less than two hours, his anxious companions reached him a pole from the top, and drew him up. They received him with shouts of joy, but he himself was completely exhausted. He immediately fainted away on reaching the spot, and it was some time before he could be recovered.

It was interesting to see the path up these awful rocks, and follow, in imagination this bold youth as he thus saved his life. His name stands far above all the rest, a monument of hardihood, rashness, and of folly.

We stood around this seat of grandeur about four hours; but from my own feelings, I should have supposed it not over half an hour. There is a little cottage near lately built; here we were desired to write our names as visitors to the bridge, in a large book for that purpose. Two large volumes were nearly filled already. Having immortalized our names by enrolling them in this book, we silently returned to our horses, wondering at this great work of nature and we could not but be filled with astonishment at the amazing power of Him who can clothe himself in wonder and terror, to throw around his works a mantle of sublimity.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

LAKE TCHAD.

The great lake so called, in the interior of Africa, examined by Major Denham and his fellow-travellers, is one of the most remarkable in the world. It is situated in 16 degrees of east longitude, and 13 5-8 of north latitude, is about 200 miles long from east to west, by 150 broad, and occupies nearly the precise position of the swamp or morass of Wangara, in Arrowsmith's map, in which swamp the Joliba or Niger was supposed to terminate. It covers a surface about as large as two American lakes, Erie and Ontario, put together. The Tchad receives a river called the Yeou, about 50 yards broad in the dry season, which has its source about four hundred miles distant in the south-west; and which was well ascertained not to be the Niger. Another river six times as large, with a delta of 50 miles broad and at its embouchure, flows into the lake from the south, and is called the Sharry, which may be, but probably is not, the river alluded to. What is rather a puzzling fact in physical geography, this lake though it has no efflux, is fresh, and yet saline incrustations are found in some parts of the country around, and small salt pools are formed close to its northern margin. It was distinctly stated, however, to Major Denham, that formerly a stream flowed out of the east side, and carried its waters to the Bahrel Ghazal, which was a lake or swamp, now dried up. The dry bed of this stream still remains filled with trees, and covered with herbage, and the old people believe that the Tchad is yearly diminishing. The lake Tchad has a number of Islands on its eastern side, which are inhabited by the Biddomahs, a race of piratical savages, who come in fleets of a hundred boats, and rob or carry into slavery the people living near its banks. The lake swells greatly when the periodical rains fall, and vast numbers of elephants, lions, and henas, driven from their retreats on its banks, by the waters, and carry off the cattle or the women who are sent to watch the fields. Sometimes these animals attack the villages.

We sometimes lightly complain of our friends, to be beforehand in justifying our own levity.

CORAL FISHERY.

Though the Strait of Messina is always more or less in a state of agitation, its bottom is every year searched for that valuable animal plant, the coral, whenever the winds and currents are not so violent as to endanger the barques of the coral fishers. The latter are always some of the hardy and skillful mariners and fishermen of Messina, as it is necessary that they should be well acquainted with these seas, and have great bodily strength; this fishery, besides that it is frequently dangerous being extremely laborious. Great exertions with the oar are necessary, to resist a sea always in motion, and there are perhaps no people who endure the labour of the oar equal to the sailors of Messina.

The instrument with which they tear the branches of coral from the rocks, is formed with two poles of wood, crossing each other at right angles, and to the extremities of which on the underside is fastened a knot. A large stone is fastened where the poles cross each other, that it may the more readily sink to the bottom. A cord is tied strongly around the middle of it, one end of which the fisherman holds in his hand, and by it guides the net to those places where the coral is supposed to grow; and which is enclosed in the net, broken off and drawn up. This fishery is carried on from the entrance of the Faro, to the part of the strait opposite the church of the Grotto, through a tract six miles in length, and to the distance of three miles from Messina. Beyond these limits they do not often fish, either because there are no rocks on which the coral grows, or because they lie so deep that the net cannot reach. Within two years, however, two rocks have been discovered, eight miles south of the city, in front of the channel of San Stefano which bear excellent coral in great abundance.

The rocks which produce the coral are situated near the middle of the straits, where the water is from three hundred and fifty, to six hundred feet deep. At the mouth of the strait the works are a thousand feet below the surface, and according to the fishers, there is no coral upon them. The hollows and caverns of the rocks are the places from which they endeavour to bring up the coral, for they have ascertained that it is more plentiful, than on the sides of the rocks. They assert too that it is more abundant in places situated to the east, than in those to the south—is rarely found on the west, and never to the north. In the first situation, it is larger and of a finer colour than in the second and third, which two valuable qualities, are likewise in that which is brought up from less than the greatest depth. The greatest height to which it grows is never over a foot, and its usual thickness that of the little finger, though sometimes little larger. That which grows on the coast of Barbary and Tarpani is thicker in size, but inferior in the vividness of the colour.

The difference is said to arise from being produced in a sea, which is in continual motion from the top to the bottom, by the currents and the winds.

The fishing ground is divided into ten parts. Every year they take the coral, only from one of these parts, and do not fish on it again, till ten years are elapsed. This interval is deemed necessary, for the coral to acquire its full growth, in height and consistence. When they transgress this law, they find in fact, the coral smaller, and less hard, and the intensity of the colour, is always in proportion to the number of years they have desisted from fishing. When the ten years have elapsed, they believe that the coral increases no more in height, but only in thickness, which however has its limits: for that which has been found near San Stefano, a place where none had been sought for within the memory of man, though it was of a very brilliant colour, was not higher than the ordinary, but it exceeded it by one third in thickness, (diameter.)

The number of ships which usually go together in this fishery, is eighteen or twenty, each of which is manned by eight men. The quantity of coral procured may amount annually to twelve Sicilian quintals, of 250 lbs. each.

I was desirous to be present at a fishing, and one was undertaken expressly to gratify my curiosity. As the branches were taken out of the nets, I put them into glass vessels filled with sea water, and the white polypi came out of their cells in the coral, as soon as the water was at rest. The branches are invested with a fleshy bark, with octoradiated conical tumours over the surface: the mouth of the cellules being the habitation of the polypi. The interior substance has the so-

lidity of hard stone, and the nitric acid decomposes, and dissolves it, with a strong effervescence, as if it were a calcareous carbonate.

I have not made these observations to depreciate the writings and opinions of that celebrated naturalist Marsigli, but to correct the error which he and others fell into, in taking the polypi of coral and their cells to be flowers, and supposing the coral to be a plant.

Remark—The cause why coral is found on the east and south sides of rocks, exclusively, must arise from the prevailing course of those tremendous submarine currents which prevail in the gulph of Messina, and not from any of the influences attributable above ground to the points of compass.

A SCENE IN EUROPE.

The sabbath school scholars.—At the foot of a lofty hill, crowned to the summit with the richest verdure, peeped out from among encircling brush wood and straggling elms a miserable mud cabin. A streak of smoke curling up through the green trees was the only sign that met my eyes of its being inhabited. The sun was up, and over the deep blue heavens the thin clouds lay sleeping. It was the hour between sunrise and the full blaze of day. A stillness seemed to be around the spot, and I felt a thrilling kind of sensation creep over me as I drew near the house of mourning. I paused at the entrance. A low murmuring kind of sound stole upon my ear, and again all was hushed. I gently opened the door and bent myself forward, as if to ascertain unnoticed, what was passing within. I saw at the first glance that death had been there. The apartment, on the threshold of which I now stood, was of the meanest construction. It was without a single piece of furniture that deserved the name. In one corner of it a dead body lay stretched out, very slightly covered with a tattered coat, and a cold kind of horrible feeling run through my very soul, and it would probably have shrunk away from any further investigation, if I had not been suddenly arrested by a soft, sweet voice mingled with a low groan, somewhat like a death rattle that seemed to issue from the same apartment. I turned my head around and beheld a sight that chained me, as if by magic to the ground. O, it was heart-thrilling to behold! On a bundle of straw, a woman, somewhat in years, lay apparently in the agonies of death. Near her head hung, reclining in deep sorrow, a beautiful little half naked child. On one side a lovely girl, about thirteen years of age, knelt—a Bible clasped in her thin, slender hands, with which she was endeavouring to comfort her dying mother. I instantly recognized two of my Sabbath School children. The meeting was affecting. They had been without food for some days. The mother died next day in the triumph of that faith which her little daughter taught her out of the Bible. The girls grew up to be respectable members of society, and one of them has been a teacher in a Sabbath School for several years. *A TEACHER.*

CANAL OF THE PYRENEES.—The royal canal of the Pyrenees, a plan of which has been presented to the French government, is to continue that of Languedoc, from Thoulouse to Bayone. The surveys are all finished, and extend over more than seventy leagues, in the whole of which line there is not a single obstacle of importance. This canal will pass through five fertile departments, the produce of which it will be the means of spreading. A free navigation from one sea to the other, from the Mediterranean to the Western Ocean, will be the immediate consequence of this great undertaking.

HISTORICAL EXTRACT.—"From the year 1528 to 1533, perpetual summer prevailed in France; during four years not two days frost were experienced. Nature exhausted by a considerable heat, incessantly produced blossoms, but had not strength to bring the fruit to maturity: a scarcity of provisions was the consequence of this phenomenon; the harvest was scarcely sufficient to supply seed for the following year. Worms and insects of every kind, multiplied ad infinitum, and destroyed the little fruit which the earth yielded. A most dreadful famine prevailed, and the consumption of unwholesome food gave rise to a disorder which carried off one-fourth of the inhabitants of France."

THE LITERARY CASKET.

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1826.

The following is one of the Tales presented for the Prize offered by the publishers of this Paper:

THE EMIGRANTS.

So recently as 1805, the generality of Europeans knew little or nothing of America; the reading part of the community had seen in books, that it was called "the new world;"—"the American wilderness;"—"the wilds of that vast continent, inhabited principally by savages and wild beasts." Such expressions from their first rate authors, had left an impression on all classes of society, the most unfavorable to emigrations and settlements in this favoured republic.

Even in Great Britain, where there is the greatest share of information in circulation, the people had very strange and incorrect ideas of the United States; excepting among those persons, who occasionally received letters from their relations and friends, residing on this side the Atlantic:—In the course of such communications, very flattering accounts were received; but these were suspected as false and delusive, designed to decoy from their native country, companions to share their wretchedness, and relieve their solitude.

Henry Freeman, of Tunbridge Wells, England, had for some years cherished such a correspondence with a friend who had removed to this hemisphere, with an expectation of improving his condition, in which he was not disappointed; all his hopes were realized, and he wrote according to his feelings and prospects. In consequence of such favourable information from one on whom he could depend, Henry Freeman determined as soon as he could arrange his affairs, on a removal to the new world, and several of his friends and associates united with him in the proposed voyage.

But Henry had married, a few years before, Ann Whalley, whose parents were much opposed to the scheme, and this circumstance delayed the projected plan of leaving Old England for New-England, which was the part of America they had determined to steer for. Mrs. Whalley was constantly told of "bears" and "wolves," of "savages" and "yellow fevers;" and she was assured that the Americans were a people without law or civilization, and entirely given over to a state of unbridled licentiousness.

Freeman and his neighbours, who were desirous of leaving England, were influenced in some measure, by religious sentiments:—they belonged to that class of dissenters called Independants, and to live under a church establishment of a different order, was contrary to their feelings and opinions.

The pleasing intelligence, that in the United States of America there was no favoured religious order; no exclusive patronage granted by the government to any sect, but that all denominations of religionists stood on a perfect equality; this fact made a deep impression on their minds.

Besides, in consequence of the war with Bonaparte, the taxes had become enormous, and the burden was annually increasing; they were also assured that persons of small property might easily obtain, in America, freehold estates, which would constitute them respectable electors, and place them eligible to all offices in their State. These considerations decided their minds, and they soon began to make preparations for their departure,

having heard that the ship Antelope was to sail for Boston early in the next spring. In addition to the above circumstances, Henry Freeman's mind was deeply impressed with a dream, in which he saw himself busily engaged in his new situation, under the most delightful prospects; this seemed to establish him in the persuasion that it was his duty to go to that happy land of liberty, for that was now his view of America.

This was a severe trial to his wife, Ann, who was an only daughter, and loved her parents, and was a most affectionate sister, for she had six brothers:—She was, moreover, superstitiously attached to the part of her country where she had always lived, and where her ancestors, for many generations, had been entombed.—She had also an extraordinary dread of the sea.

Over and above the deep regret which Ann's parents felt in losing their only daughter, they really believed the project to be weak and delusive, for all the families contemplating a removal, were in good estate, and were much regarded as industrious and virtuous citizens, notwithstanding their dissent from the established church.

The whole neighbourhood considered it as "a mad frolic," yet nothing could change the purpose of Freeman, in what he considered the direction of Providence, and Ann's affection to her Henry was stronger than every other consideration.

In the most dutiful and affectionate manner, she informed her parents and brothers, that she had resolved to go with him, to whom she had given her hand and heart, and to whom she had vowed love and fidelity, "till death them should part." Their family consisted only of two beautiful children, having buried one infant the last summer. Mrs. Freeman therefore began to prepare herself and little ones for the voyage.

There were ten families agreed to embark in the same vessel, and they had sent to their friends in the state of New-York, their determination to join them, with directions to buy for them a tract of land near Sackett's Harbour.

When the time had arrived for this little colony to leave Tunbridge Wells and Brenchley, in Kent, the principal places where they resided; the partings and farewells were the most heart-rending that can possibly be conceived.—Yet none exceeded the last interview of Mrs. Freeman and her aged parents. It was too much for the old folks; and even her brothers, though in the sprightliness of youth, were overcome in saluting their beloved sister, as it was probable, for the last time.

When Mr. and Mrs. Whalley kissed their grand-children in taking leave, it appeared as if their lives were bound up in the little ones; for they had fondled and caressed them beyond the bounds of parental tenderness.

Ann endeavoured to conceal her feelings, and had fortified herself with a previous resolution: she begged them to consider that she should be under the care of the same Providence in one place as in another; and reminding them that they had the most undoubted confidence in the faithfulness of her husband.

This attempt to relieve their minds, in some measure eased her own; but the effort was too great:—She fainted in the arms of her mother, and her hysterical sobs alarmed Mr. Freeman, who was obliged to remove her to his own house, and prevent another meeting. Henry Freeman lost his parents when young, and his only

brother died a year before his determination to leave England; so that all his affections were centered in Ann and her dear babes.

The Antelope was to sail from Gravesend on the 20th of April, which made about fifty miles land carriage. Considerable property had been thus conveyed on board; every necessary and convenience for the voyage, and all kinds of tools and implements, which they understood would be valuable in their new situation. No passengers ever went on board a superior vessel, equipped with a better crew, or stored with more excellent provisions, and preparation for a long voyage, than Mr. Freeman and his companions on board the Antelope.

They set sail on the day appointed;—the weather was delightful, the wind fair, the crew in good health and spirits, the captain was polite and kind to all on board: so that the female passengers were astonished, that going to sea could be attended with such pleasing circumstances—all was calm and cheerful, after they had recovered the first week's dizziness, which few escape.

But, alas! this prosperous beginning of the voyage, was no certain token of its good end.

The captain had inadvertently steered too much to the north, and he soon found to his cost, that he should have to encounter those mountains of ice, which are so dangerous at that season of the year.

The captain had his fears, and used precautions; the crew were also aware of their danger; but they took care not to alarm the women and children. The first intimation that the passengers received, was when the ship struck against one of those terrible mountains of ice, which nearly stove in her side; so tremendous was the crash, that all attempts to save her were hopeless.

The boats were thrown out, and the sailors saved themselves from the sinking ship.

With great presence of mind, Freeman seized his children, and threw them into the long boat; the captain humanely, at the risk of his own safety, run along side, at which juncture Mr. and Mrs. Freeman threw themselves into the boat, joined hand in hand, resolved either to live or die together. All intercessions for their companions were unavailable; the crew pushed off, knowing that the whole must have been lost by any addition to their number.

More than twenty persons were seen to go down in the Antelope, in less than fifteen minutes after she struck. Henry Freeman saw his friend Bran go down with his two children, one in each hand; he waved his hand to Henry, as they sunk into the briny grave!

There was yet much danger from the crowded boats and from want of provisions, for nothing was saved but a bag of biscuits. The weather was mild and the sea calm, the captain therefore took courage, and did the best in his power to hoist a flag of distress; the next day they were happily seen by a Fisherman from Nantucket, who towed the little crew safely into Newport harbour.

They could not have landed in a more hospitable town; the inhabitants shewed the passengers every possible attention, and supplied them with every thing proper to recruit their health, and renew their exhausted spirits; and never was benevolence and hospitality more gratefully received.

The following letter of Mrs. Freeman's to her parents in England, will show in part, (the whole can never be

(told) her feelings on that merciful deliverance, viewed by her as scarcely less miraculous than the salvation of Noah and his family from the general deluge, or the preservation of Jonah, when he was cast into the stormy and raging sea.

To Mr. John Whalley, Tunbridge Wells, England.

NEWPORT, (R.I.) U. States, June 5th, 1806.

My dear and honoured parents—I trust, ere this, you have received Mr. Freeman's letter, from which you have learnt the melancholy intelligence, though not the particulars of the loss of the *Antelope*. He wrote immediately, though in great agitation of mind, fearing that the garbled accounts in the public prints would greatly alarm your apprehensions, without relieving your anxiety on our account: he was brief, and it was utterly impossible for me to compose a line. To inform you of our safety was all that could be done by that conveyance. My own feelings are not yet sufficiently calm, to enter into the details of the calamitous catastrophe which befel so many of our friends and fellow passengers. And how shall I express my gratitude, for the distinguished favour of my dear children being both by my side, my husband safe, and all of us enjoying every blessing in abundance. The marks on the paper are the droppings of tears of joy, and I trust of the purest thankfulness.

To have been spared alone, would have been more distressing to me, than to have gone down as our friend Bran did, with his two motherless children, one in each hand. You have already, or will perceive in the newspapers, that your late neighbour Merrit was saved, with a part of the sailors, in the small boat, and that his father and mother and two sisters, were among the passengers who were lost; though he used every exertion, it was utterly impossible to save them. He is now with us, but his spirits are much depressed, and I think it more than probable that he will return home. It is now astonishing to me, that I was able to bear that sight; but there is something in the circumstance of great danger, to prepare the mind for the event. My last interview with you and my dear brothers, was too much for me, and with which I was more sensibly affected, than even at our late trial. On our landing here from the fishing smack, (as Mr. Merrit informed you) we were received with the greatest hospitality and kindness, and were comforted with the sympathies of a virtuous people.

Public thanks were returned on the following Sabbath, for our safety, and an excellent sermon preached from the words of Jesus:—"Think not that they were sinners above all, upon whom the tower of Siloam fell." The sentiment insisted on, was a great relief to my mind; the minister observed—"that there was no exemption from the general disappointments and calamities, to which all mankind are alike liable; those are the things that happen alike to all men."

So that nothing can be argued from the unhappy voyage, that our removal to this country was an error, though I presume some of our neighbours will judge otherwise.

In my coming here, I was undoubtedly influenced altogether by the affection due to my husband, yet I am convinced that he acted conscientiously and to the best of his judgment, and I yet hope, we shall have no reason to regret our emigration.

We have truly found fathers and mothers, friends, sisters and brothers, and in short, nothing can exceed

the attentions we have received here, so that we are ever bound, in gratitude, to love the American people.

As Mr. Ashby bought land for us, near Sackett's Harbour, we think of going there, in a few days; to which place, we beg you to write, and from whence you shall often hear.—Mr. Merrit does not feel the loss of his property so much as I supposed he would.

Be not over anxious for me, I have a sincere and faithful friend in my husband; his kindness, if possible, increase as I more need his protection; my little ones are smiling and happy, unconscious of the dangers they have escaped. Remember me to all my acquaintances;—when we get settled, I shall fulfil my promise in writing to them.

Mr. Freeman joins with me in love and duty to you both, and in sincere affection to my brothers, and believe me, my dear parents, forever,

Your affectionate daughter,

ANN W. FREEMAN.

It was fortunate for Mr. Freeman, that he had remitted to a friend in America, about one thousand dollars, which was paid towards a purchase of land near Sackett's Harbour; this was now all his property, and to that settlement, he prepared to remove his family.

On his arrival at the farm, he found some of his former friends and was received with great joy and kindness.

Mr. Freeman settled down as an American Farmer, and that part of the country improved and flourished exceedingly during the last war. Our latest information from *Henry Freeman*, was, that his family had increased to eight fine children, and he was enjoying with his lovely wife, all the happiness which human society is capable of.

THE REPOSITORY.

THE MAGIC RING.

Many a sun has set, and many a flower bloomed only to die, since I visited the village of B—. There was a wild and visionary tale among the peasantry, of a murder committed at a castle, the ruins of which were then visible at the distance of about a league, from the place which I had chosen for my temporary abode.—My curiosity was excited by the repeated hints which I heard from some of the young and superstitious peasantry, and I endeavoured to learn the particulars; but whenever I mentioned the subject, they would shrug their shoulders, and turn from me, meaning, I suppose, that it was not for me to know. It happened, one evening, that I was invited to the wedding of a young and beautiful girl, the daughter of the richest farmer in the Department. Her intended husband was a descendant of one of the powerful Barons of the country, but like many others, he lost his all, in that tremendous vortex, the French Revolution. His estates were confiscated, and he driven from the home of his ancestors; but he still retained that noble form, and lofty spirit, which were the distinguished characteristics of the ancient nobles of France. But it is not my intention to enter into the particulars of their history; suffice it then to say, that they were married, the wine and the laugh went gaily round, and all was festivity and joy. At an interval of the dance and song, I became acquainted with an old man, who sat musing in a corner of the room, and among other subjects of conversation, I spoke of the story before mentioned, which just then recurred to my mind, and asked him if he could relate it to me.—He said, that he could and would willingly. He drew his chair near to me, and began as follows:—"Many years ago, there lived at the castle, which you speak of, a Marquis, who was hated and feared by all his vassals. He delighted in grinding the poor, and in every species of oppression, that was in his power. His gates were seldom opened to the benighted traveller, the poor and

indigent were driven from them with revilings, and oftentimes with blows. One dark and stormy night, in the midst of winter, a young Chevalier, attended by only one servant, rode up to the gate, and demanded admittance. The porter, in a hoarse voice, denied him; he insisted upon entering, and the porter, fearing, that it might be banditti, called up his master, who went to the gate attended by the whole throng of servants determined to eject him by force if he could not otherwise. He slowly opened it, and as the light flashed full in the face of the stranger, he discovered the features of his deadliest enemy. The savage scowl, which had a moment before darkened the brow of the Marquis, was exchanged for a "ghastly smile," and with seeming affability, he welcomed him to his castle.

About midnight, the Marquis, followed by Jacques, his associate in all his vile plans, crept softly to the stranger's chamber. They opened the door and finding every thing still, sprang forward and bound him to the bed. "Now," said the Marquis in a voice of thunder, "I have you in my power.—Now shall my vengeance have its fill." It was not till that moment that the stranger knew in whose power he was; he gave one glance of disdain at the Marquis, and burying his face in his hands, resigned himself to his fate. The Marquis exasperated almost to madness ordered Jacques to stab him. * * They murdered him

The body was instantly removed to the borders of the forest to impress upon the minds of the people, that he had been murdered by banditti. * * But justice never sleeps. There was one bold and aspiring spirit in the village, who would not brook oppression from the proudest lord of earth. He shrewdly suspected that the Marquis had a hand in the murder, and rode quickly to Paris and caused the whole affair to be investigated. The officers of the Police were commissioned to look into the affair and drag the foul perpetrator to justice. They proceeded as fast as possible, attended by M. St. Pierre, (for that was the name of the young man,) and arrived at the village just as the sun hid his face behind the western hills. They put off all business for the night, but early the next morning proceeded to the Castle. The Marquis, as might be expected, started at the sight of the officers of justice, and upon being questioned, as to his knowledge of the murder, declared he knew nothing about it. The young man had recourse to stratagem, boldly asserted that he knew the stranger had passed the night, or at least part of it within the walls of the Castle, and demanded to know where the stranger's attendant was. The Marquis denied all knowledge of the affair, and roughly ordered them from his doors. They informed him that they came with full power, and instantly commenced a search. The countenance of the Marquis underwent various changes as they proceeded, and as they attempted to descend to the vaults of the Castle, he strenuously insisted upon their desisting, and told them that they would find nothing but wine below. They however still kept on, and had not proceeded far, before they heard a deep groan, they followed the sound and traced it to an iron door, which they forced open, and beheld at the farther extremity of the dungeon, an emaciated figure, laying upon the damp stone floor. They went to him and gently raised him, but found him so far gone that he could not speak; he was carefully removed to the inn, and every possible care taken of him. In the mean time the Marquis was secured and strictly guarded. In process of time, the servant had so far recovered his health as to state that his master and himself were travelling to Italy, but being overtaken by the storm, had sought shelter at the Castle; that his master retired early, but for some (to him) unknown cause, he was not permitted to attend him, but was bound, aged and hurried to the dungeon where his deliverers had found him. He also stated that his master had sewed in the lining of his hat, a "Magic Ring," which he often consulted when he feared any harm. If he wished to discover any one who he feared had a design upon him, he would invite all his neighbors to a feast in honor of some Patron Saint and in a lively tone would request each one of his guests to put the ring upon his finger. If they had no feelings of resentment towards him, the ring retained its usual colour, but if on the contrary, they had any enmity against him, it would change to an ominous black; in this way he was enabled to avoid danger and live almost secure. Having proceeded thus far he observed that, perhaps, the ring might have the power of discovering who was the murderer of his master; and proposed to have it tried

upon the Marquis and his household. The proposal was accepted and the virtues of the ring fully tested. They thought proper to begin with the servants. The ring preserved its brightness upon the finger of each, until they came to Jaques. The moment it touched his finger it became as black as night; the result was the same with the Marquis. They were bound and conveyed in a close carriage to Paris; the crime was there charged to them; they denied it; they were put to the torture, they bore it a long time, but finally confessed the crime. When the Marquis was questioned as to his motive for committing it, all the answer that he would give, was, "he was my direst foe." * * * * * They were condemned and executed." G. D.

RIVALRY.—Rivalry is a proper spirit when confined within proper bounds. It gives animation to our gestures, force to our actions, eloquence to our lips, and perseverance to our efforts. If the merchant had no rival in his particular trade, he would soon become supercilious, haughty and confident. Were the lawyer opposed by no powerful competitor at the bar, many of his law books would slumber in the dust, and his finest rhetorical flourishes only exist in his fancy. Even the blue-eyed beauty in the ball room exerts the powers of her wit to eclipse the fancy of her black-eyed rival. Rivalry, when under the dominion of a magnanimous mind and an ingenuous heart, is changed into the valuable quality of emulation. Half the efforts of man in social life spring from this feeling, and many of the acquired fascinations of the fair may have its source in a similar emotion. Emulation makes the scholar study, the poet feel, the politician write, the lawyer plead, and the fair lady spend four hours a day upon the keys of a piano forte. The accomplishments of a rival are perpetually before their eyes. Such a thought attends them as closely as the demon did Socrates. If the novelty of the present moment chase it away, like the evil spirit of Brutus it whispers in their ear, "I will meet thee again at Phillipi." Rivalry properly managed, is a fine spurring quality, but without generosity it degenerates to envy or jealousy. Example is better than precept. Two beauties were at the same ball. They were both the toasts of the town, but in style and appearance, they differed as much as the Corinthian capital does from the Ionic. The one had black eyes that emitted fire, and the other had a lovely pair of blue that gleamed in delight. The one was petite, pretty and enchanting; and the other tall, graceful and commanding. The air of the one entreated your love, and the gait of the other commanded your affection. They were both exquisite singers, had fine colloquial powers, and withal very warm hearted friends when they appeared in company. If they bid each other good night in the company of their grand-mothers, it was expressed without concern and with little affection; but if they parted in the presence of a train of admirers, it was nothing but embracing, kissing, and tearing away from each other for a quarter of an hour at a stretch. If you asked Susan what she thought of Catharine, she could not reply very well; but if you said to her in private that you did not think Catharine so handsome as the town talk made her, then Susan would launch forth in dispraise of her eyes, finding fault with her mouth, murdering her shape, and ridiculing her whole circle of accomplishments. Put the same question to

Catharine, in a little private talk at the corner of a drawing room, or during the interval of a cotillion, and she in her turn would strip Susan of every claim to beauty or accomplishments.—Yet neither of them could believe what they said of each other, but the magnanimous spirit of rivalry had given place in their bosoms to the emotions of envy.—*Nat. Adv.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

VALOR AND MAGNANIMITY.

In 1702, Peter the Great having made several ineffectual attempts on Noteburg, a Swedish fortress, now called Schluselburgh, sent Prince Galitzen, colonel of the guards, at the body of a select corps to take it by storm. That officer having by means of rafts, landed his soldiers close to the fortifications, which advanced almost to the edge of the water, they were received with such cool intrepidity by the garrison, and exposed to such a dreadful carnage, that Peter conceiving the assault to be impracticable, sent immediate orders for the Russians to retire. Prince Galitzen however refused to obey—Tell my sovereign, said he, that I am no longer his subject, having thrown myself under the protection of a power superior to him. Then turning to his troops, he animated them by his voice and example, and leading them to the attack, scaled the walls and took the fortress. Peter was so struck with the exploit, that upon his next interview with Galitzen, he said to him, "Ask what you will, except Moscow and Catharine." The Prince with a magnanimity which reflects the highest honour upon his character, instantly requested the pardon of his ancient rival, Prince Repin, who had been degraded by Peter, from the rank of marshal to that of a common soldier. He obtained his request, and with it the confidence of his sovereign, the Prince Repin, and the applause of the public. Few circumstances can give more pleasure to a generous mind, than the contemplation of such exalted traits of a great and noble spirit.

MELANCHOLY FATE OF A PEASANT.

This unfortunate mountaineer, in the course of an excursion on those stupendous mountains, by chance discovered a mine containing particles of gold, delighted at this unexpected treasure, he hastened to his wife and disclosed the secret, under the injunction that she should not divulge it, lest he should be taken up by the government. He visited his mine daily, and at first only brought away small quantities of ore, which his wife disposed of at Genoa. His wealth at length accumulated sufficiently to enable him to purchase a spot of land, whereon he built a hut, and continued his exertions, at the hazard of his life, till he had obtained enough to render his situation easy and comfortable.

The only method by which he could gain access to the mine was that of laying himself on his belly, and pushing himself on through an opening formed between the strata of the rock, which was scarcely wide enough, to admit his body: when he had procured the ore he slid back in the same way. But, unfortunately, one evening, during that operation, a stone detached itself from the interior of the cave, and dropped on his shoulders, though not with sufficient force to occasion instant death, but enough to prevent his extricating himself either one way or the other; and he was left to perish in this horrid situation!

His wife, not seeing her husband return at the accustomed hour, took with her a friend, who had long had a suspicion of these mysterious excursions, and proceeded to the fatal spot, on approaching towards which she imperfectly heard

the groans and lamentations issuing from the dreadful cavern—the inevitable tomb of her wretched husband! Every endeavour to extricate him was tried in vain—and he lived in this deplorable situation five days! The unfortunate woman's grief was beyond description.—When dead, his body was forced to be taken from the rock limb by limb: his remains were collected, and buried near his hut, and a wooden cross erected over his grave.

Having died without confession, according to the custom of the country, numberless masses have been said for his soul; and the weary traveller often turns aside out of his way to prostrate himself on the stone which covers him, and drop a tear to his memory and his misfortune.—*Beaumont's Travels.*

LITERARY ANECDOTE.

Which ought to be had in everlasting remembrance.

The performance known by the title of Burn's Treatise on the office of a justice of Peace, was written by a poor clergyman in the north of England. He went to London to sell the manuscript, and enquired of the landlord at the house where he lodged, if he was acquainted with any bookseller? The master of the house introduced him to a person in trade, who, after keeping the manuscript for examination eight days, at last offered him 20 pounds for it. After a variety of disappointments of the same kind, the author waited on Mr. Miller, who was rising fast into fame and fortune. He had sufficient strength of mind to see that "honesty is the best policy;" and by treating every writer with justice, and often generosity, he acquired a most opulent fortune. He had in his employment gentlemen in every different branch of learning, who were to inform him of the merit of the different books submitted to their inspection.—The manuscript in question was transmitted to a Scotch student in the temple, and Burn in the interim received a general invitation to Mr. Miller's table. In eight or ten days, the manuscript was returned to Mr. Miller, with a note that it would be an excellent bargain at two hundred pounds. Next day after dinner, when the glass had begun to circulate, he asked Burn, what was the lowest sum that he would take? The poor man replied, that the highest offer which he had received was twenty pounds, a sum too small to defray the expences of his journey. 'Will you accept two hundred guineas?' said Mr. Miller. 'Two hundred guineas!' cried the parson clapping his hands, 'I am extremely fortunate.' The book went through many impressions, and Miller of his own good will, paid the clergyman an hundred pounds additional for each of them. As the author loved port, the bookseller farther gave him a letter of credit for the purchase of a pipe per annum during the rest of his life, in a wine cellar in London, where he thought proper. 'After all this,' added Mr. Miller, in telling the history, 'I have lived to clear eleven thousand pounds by the bargain.'

CARLES OF THE CARSE.

Pennant records an ill-natured proverb applicable to the people of the Carse of Cowrie, that they "want water in the summer, fire in the

winter, and the grace of God all the year round." The following anecdote is illustrative of the subject: A landed gentleman of the Carse used to complain very much of the awkwardness and stupidity of all the men whom he employed, declaring, that, if he were only furnished with clay, he believed he could make better himself. This ridiculous tirade got wind among the peasantry, and excited their no small indignation.—One of their class soon after found an opportunity of revenging himself and his neighbours upon the author by a cut from his own weapon. It happened that the laird was so unfortunate, one day, as to fall into a quagmire, the materials of which was of such a nature as to hold him fast, and put extrication entirely out of his power.—In this dilemma, observing a peasant approaching, he called out to him and desired his assistance, in order that he might get himself relieved from his unpleasant confinement. The rustic, recognizing him immediately, paid no attention to his entreaties, but passed carelessly by; only giving him one knowing look, and saying—"I see ye're making your men, laird; I'll nae disturb ye!"

VARIETY.

A Welsh parson preaching from this text "Love one another," told his congregation, that in kind and respectful treatment to our fellow creatures, we were inferior to the brute creation. As an illustration of the truth of this remark, he quoted an instance of two goats in his own parish, that once met upon a bridge so very narrow, that they could not pass by without one thrusting the other off into the river.—"And" continued he, "How do you think they acted! Why, I will tell you: One goat laid himself down, and let the other leap over him. Ah! beloved, let us live like goats!"—*Percy.*

Repartee.—"I cannot," said a lady who was leaning upon a rail at the opera house during a little confusion, "I cannot, for the soul of me, catch a note." "Never mind that, my dear," replied her companion, "so long as you have got hold of a bar."

A good Pun.—A gentleman having prohibited the visits of a respectable Butcher to his daughter, a friend observed, he was surprised that a match with a *Prince of the blood* should have been rejected.

The Cause.—A physician the other day called upon a patient, subject to frequent and severe attacks of the gout.—The painful visitant had left him, and he was enjoying himself over his wine with great conviviality. "Doctor," he exclaimed, "I am very glad to see you, you have just come in time to taste this bottle of Madeira, it is the first of a pipe that is just broached." "Ah," exclaimed the Doctor, "these pipes of Madeira will never do, they are the cause of all your sufferings."

"Well then," rejoined the other, "fill your glass, for now that we have found the cause, the sooner we get rid of it the better."

Flattery.—A beggar-man, on his round in a popular parish in Ayrshire, took the liberty of rapping at the door of the best house in it. It

so happened, that the only domestic in the house was a cook, who left her own immediate business to open the door. Seeing that it was a beggar man who had disturbed her, she very angrily bade him leave the house, and go and work.—"Oh," said the gaberlunzie, "I suppose if I maun, I maun; but afore I gang, I canna help saying, that I hae na seen sa bonnie a foot in a' colf or carrich." "Ye're not the first that said that, gude man," replied the mollified lady of the dripping-pan, 'mony hae thoct the same; come hin poor bodie, an' I will e'en gie ye a chack.'

A literary periodical had for its motto "trade, literature; and the arts;" but by an unlucky blunder, the two first letters of the last word got transposed, which made it read, "trade, literature, and the rats."

The following inscription is literally taken from a shew-board in a country village in Yorkshire: Eng. 'Wrighten, and Readden and trew Spellen and also Marchants Ackounts with dowble Entery Post-skript Girls, and Bouys Bourded, and good Yoozitch for children.'

Military Eloquence.—Some time ago a paragraph made the round of the Scottish press, stating that the officers of the —shire yeomanry cavalry presented their colonel with an elegant silver cup, which was delivered by one of his number, who made an *eloquent* speech on the occasion, to which the Colonel made an appropriate reply. The speech and reply were literally as follows: "Cornel, Cornel, Cornel, there's the mug"—*Presentee*—"Aye, John, is this the mug?"

Legal Dexterity.—Sergeant Davy having abused a witness, as Sergeants will abuse witnesses, was on the following morning, whilst in bed, informed that a gentleman wished to speak to him; the Sergeant concluding that it was a client, desired that he might be shown up; the visitor, stating his name, reminded the Sergeant of the abuse he had heaped upon him on the preceding day, protesting that he must peremptorily demand immediate satisfaction, or he should resort to personal chastisement. On this the Sergeant, raising himself up said, "But you won't attack me surely while I'm in bed, will you?" "Certainly not," said the aggrieved party, "I should never think of attacking a man in bed." "Then I'll be hung," said the Sergeant, as he laid himself down, wrapping the clothes round him, "if I get out of bed while you are in this town."

On a lady's entering the assembly room at York, Sterne asked her name; he was told it was Mrs. Hobson; on which he said, "he had often heard of Hobson's choice, but he never saw it before."

In the year 1768, there lived in the Rhue St. Dominique a miser, whose only pleasure was to count over a sum of 18,000 livres in gold which he kept in an iron chest. Leaving home for several days, an old woman, his only servant, was left in charge of the house. During his absence, some thieves entered, one of whom wore the costume of a commissary of police, and the others that of his officers. After having announced the death of her master, they put seals on every room, and left her in trust of the effects, except the gold which they took away. A few days after, the miser returned, but could never recover his property.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A Candid and Impartial Exposition of various Opinions on the Subject of the Comparative Quality of the Wheat and Flour in the Northern and Southern States; in a Letter from John C. Brush, to Dr. S. L. Mitchell.

The Biblical Class Text Book, or Biblical Catechism; containing Questions, Historical, Doctrinal, Practical, and Experimental. Designed to promote an intimate Acquaintance with the Inspired Volume. By Hervey Wilbur, A. M. Seventeenth Edition. 18mo. pp. 132. Boston.

A Geographical Description of the United States, with the contiguous Countries, including Mexico and the West Indies; intended as an Accompaniment to Melish's Map of these Countries. By John Melish. A new Edition, greatly improved. New York. A. T. Goodrich.

Five Books of the History of Caius Cornelius Tacitus, with his Treatise on the Manners of the Germans, and his Life of Agricola. From the last German Edition of the Works of Tacitus. With Notes, in English, Original and Compiled. By E. B. Williston, Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages and Literature in the American Literary, Scientific, and Military Academy.

The Lay of Gratitude; consisting of Poems occasioned by the recent Visit of La Fayette to the United States. By Daniel Bryan. 8vo. pp. 104. Philadelphia.

A Voyage to South America, with an Account of a Shipwreck in the River La Plata, in the year 1817. By the Only Survivor. 18mo. pp. 128. Boston.

Remarkable Events in the History of Man; or Narratives of the most wonderful Adventures, remarkable Trials, judicial Murders, Prison Escapes, Heroic Actions, and astonishing Occurrences, which have taken place in Ancient and Modern times. Compiled by the Rev. Joshua Watts, D. D. Rector of Welly, Hants. 12mo. pp. 304 and 321. Philadelphia.

German Popular Stories. Translated from the Rinder and Hans Marchen. Collected by M. M. Grimm, from Oral Tradition. 18mo. pp. 224. Boston.

THE LEAGUE OF THE ALPS, with other POEMS, by Mrs. FELICIA HEMANS; together with a Selection from her former Publications; in one volume, 8vo.

Persons holding subscription papers are requested to return them immediately. The editor of the above mentioned publication will receive from Mrs. Hemans the work about to be published by her, entitled 'The Forest Sanctuary,' as soon as may be after its appearance in England. It will be reprinted by him here, for her benefit, uniformly with the volume now proposed.—*North American Review.*

Proposals have been issued for publishing by subscription a new Edition of LEE'S MEMOIRS OF THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION, in the Southern Department of the United States; with CORRECTIONS left by the AUTHOR, and with NOTES and ADDITIONS by H. LEE, the Author of the CAMPAIGN OF '81.

These last will contain short Biographical Notices of Generals Wayne and Pickens. The work will be delivered by Davis and Force, in the city of Washington, in one neat octavo volume, of about 500 pages, on or before the next meeting of Congress, and immediately after in the principal cities of the United States, at two dollars and fifty cents a copy.

We are glad to find that a new edition of this work is coming before the public under auspices so favorable. In its original form it constitutes a valuable contribution to the history of the American Revolution; and with the additions promised by the present editor, it cannot fail to be rendered still more interesting and important. A new edition has been for some time wanted to answer the demand of the public.

A TREATISE ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN MIND, being the LECTURES of the late THOMAS BROWNE, M. D. Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, abridged and separated according to the Natural Divisions of the Subject, for the use of Colleges and other Seminaries, by LEVI HEDDER, L. L. D. Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Harvard University.

THE WREATH.

The following is one of the Poems, presented for the Premium offered by the Publishers of the CASKET.

THE OLD MAN.

Why gaze ye on my hoary hairs,
Ye children, young and gay?
Your locks beneath the blast of care
Will bleach as white as they.

I had a mother once, like you,
Who o'er my cradle hung,
Kiss'd from my cheek the briny dew,
And taught my lisping tongue.

She, when my nightly couch was spread
Would bow my infant knee,
And place her hand upon my head
And kneeling, pray for me.

And through this pilgrimage of strife
Man knows no purer rest,
Than that which in his dawn of life
A mother's prayer hath blest.

But ah!—there came a fearful day,—
I sought my mother's bed,
Till harsh hands bore me thence away,
And told me she was dead.

I pluck'd a fair white rose, and stole
To lay it by her side,
And thought strange sleep enchain'd her soul,
For no fond voice replied.

That eve, I knelt me down in woe,
And said my lonely prayer,
Yet still my temples seem'd to glow,
As if that hand were there.

Years fled,—and left me childhood's joy,
Gay sports and pastimes dear,
I rose a wild and wayward boy
Who scorn'd the curb of fear.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed,
Yet ere at night I slept,
That soft hand made my bosom bleed,
And down I fell and wept.

Youth came,—The props of virtue reel'd,—
But oft at day's decline,
A marble touch my brow congeal'd,—
My mother!—was it thine?

In foreign lands I travell'd wide,
My pulse was bounding high,
Vice spread her meshes at my side
And pleasure lur'd my eye;

But still that hand so soft and cold
Maintain'd its magic sway,
As when amid my curls of gold
With gentle force it lay.

And with it breath'd a voice of care
As from the lowly sod,
"My son!—my only one!—Beware!—
Nor sin against thy God."

Ye think, perchance, that Age has stole
My kindly warmth away,
And dimm'd the tablet of the soul,—
Yet when with lordly sway

This brow the plum'd helm display'd
That awes the warrior throng,
Or beauty's thrilling fingers stray'd
My manly locks among,

That hallow'd touch was ne'er forgot!—
And now, though Time has set
His frost'd seal upon my lot,
These temples feel it yet.

And if I e'er in Heaven rejoice,
A mother's holy prayer,
A mother's hand,—a mother's voice
Have led the wanderer there.

[Original.]

IMMORTALITY.

Immortal Life—at thought of thee,
The sinking soul will buoyant fly:
Immortal Life—the thought of thee,
Can kindle bright e'en Misery's eye:
For there are those, who, when the springs
Of Mortal joys embitter'd lie,
And poison all existence brings,
Can say, how closely, fondly clings
The soul, to hopes of thee on high.

Life has no darkness here below,
So dark;—but thou art thron'd in light;
No hours to come, so cheerless show,
But thoughts of thee, are always bright:
The heart, life's cares, and passions rive,
Will sick'ning droop—yet turn to thee,
A being, pure and bright, to give,
Existence, more intense, to live,
From earth's dull elements set free.

Not they alone, whose spirits glow,
With fire, that is lighted at the skies,
Cling to the hope of thee, and flow
To thee, when earth-born sorrows rise;
But they, whom vice, and passion soil,
And crime has stamp'd with deepest dye,
When none can love, and all recoil,
Will look on death, and calmly smile,
Nerv'd by the hope of thee on high.

But vain the hope, the transient calm,
Of human feeling—human power,
To healing of that heavenly balm,
To odour of that sacred flower,
That strikes its root, and gently springs,
In souls, that long 'gainst sin have striven,
That slowly grows, yet closely clings,
And fresher, purer fragrance flings,
As it approaches thee and heaven.

VALLE CRUSIS.

A Welsh Song, by Mrs. Roscoe.

Vale of the Cross! the shepherds tell
'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell,
For there are sainted shadows seen,
That frequent haunt the dewy green;
In wandering winds the dirge is sung,
The convent bell with spirits rung,
And matin hymns and vesper prayer
Breakly softly on the tranquil air.

Vale of the Cross! the shepherds tell,
'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell,
For peace has there her spotless throne,

And pleasures to the world unknown;
The murmurs of the distant rills,
The sabbath silence of the hills,
And all the quiet God has given
Without the golden gates of heaven!

The following lines are founded upon an incident of a respectable young lady, who left her parents and friends and native country, and in Montreal, assumed the veil of the sacred sisterhood.

IN MONTREAL'S CONVENT.

In Montreal's convent she took the white veil,
And the wave of *St. Lawrence* has sigh'd to her wail.
Her gems are forgotten, the world and its cares
Have yielded their empire to rosaries and prayers.

Once her lips were twin cherries that blush'd on one stem,
Her cheeks sister roses, her eye a dark gem;
Though grief is that maiden's the tresses once strayed
O'er her bosom of lilies in ringlets of shade.

And know ye or seek ye, why blanch'd is her bloom?
Why her brow of white marble is shrouded in gloom?
Why her snow arms are folded, her face so in woe?
And the pearls from her dark eyes incessantly flow?

Oh! joy is a vapour, the false one has flown,
Wo, wo to the traitor who called her his own,
Who stole to her bosom, its fondness beguiled,
And left the sweet garden a desolate wild.

Oh, the world and its arts they have broken her peace,
And never the tears of her sorrow shall cease;
But ne'er shall her grief to this dark world be given,
The gems that she weeps are all moulded for heaven.

In Montreal's convent she took the white veil,
And the wave of *St. Lawrence* has sigh'd to her wail;
Her gems are forgotten, the world and its cares
Have yielded their empire to rosaries and prayers.

New-York Literary Gazette.

THE TENDER INTERVIEW.

The husband came—the wife enraptured flew,
Around his neck her snowy arms she threw;
Return'd she cried, in safety from the main,
My dearest William greets these arms again!
He strove—but strove in vain—he could not speak,
The tear of silent transport warm'd his cheek;
At length he cried, bear witness heavens above,
How my heart revels in the joys of love.

AGENTS FOR THE LITERARY CASKET.

MAINE.		
Calvin Spaulding,	- - -	Hallowell.
NEW-HAMPSHIRE.		
Isaac Hill,	- - -	Concord.
MASSACHUSETTS.		
Benjamin H. Greene,	- - -	Boston.
Samuel Bowles,	- - -	Springfield.
Levi Buckley,	- - -	Pittsfield.
CONNECTICUT.		
Hezekiah Howe,	- - -	New-Haven.
Samuel Greene,	- - -	New-London.
Ira E. Smith,	- - -	Berlin, (N. Britain Society.)
Norris Wilcox,	- - -	Berlin, (Worthington Society.)
Milo A. Holcomb,	- - -	Tariffville.
Thaddeus Welles,	- - -	Glastenbury.
L. T. Pease,	- - -	Enfield.
William S. Nichols,	- - -	Middletown.

JOB PRINTING

ELEGANTLY EXECUTED BY THE PUBLISHERS OF
THE CASKET.